

## Fish Part One

by Silva

Category: Xena: Warrior Princess

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-07-01 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-07-01 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:53:21

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,008

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: After Eternal Bonds, Joxer starts acting fishy

### Fish Part One

This takes place just after Eternal Bonds.

>All these characters are owned by the people who produce Xena and I'm only borrowing them for this little fanfiction no money made out of this at all and if anyone wants to put this story up on thir site can they email me the URL?<br>

>Fish<br>

>Joxer awoke to a heavy heart.<br>Gabrielle didn't love him, well not in that way. He ached in the pit of his gut oh, maybe that was just hunger he need food, then he could mope.

><br>Gabrielle looked at Xena and Eve sleeping peacefully beside her and sighed. What an eventful week it had been. But then it was always an event with Xena, although she had feared for all their lives more than usual. When you introduced a baby into the equation things ineveitably changed.

><br>Aha! Shlop Shlop.

>Joxer grabbed the fish. It was a big one. He bashed open it's head with a small rock, gutted then cooked it. It's sweet fishy smell wafting over to where the women lay.<br>

>" Mmm, wassat?" Mumbled Xena. She rolled over and picked up Eve.<br>" Nope not you. Oh, who's making breakfast?"

> Gabrielle looked down at Xena.<br>" Great, Joxer." Grinned the warrior woman.

>" What does that mean?" Asked Gabrielle. " I'm a good cook."<br>" Yeah, 'course you are Gabrielle." Assured Xena. "The best." She laughed.

><br>They got up and followed the smell, Gabrielle lagging behind somewhat.

>" Hey Joxer." Grinned Xena. "Ah, Fish! Look Eve isn't Uncle Joxer clever?"<br>" Aw, hello little Evey-weavey aw." Replied Joxer in his best baby talk.

>" Cut that out."<br>

>" This river is teeming with fish, there so easy to catch." Said

Joxer.<br>" They're delicious too." Replied Gabrielle.

>" Lovely." Agreed Xena.<br>

>Later, the foursome rode into the village of Strom.<br>The place was a typical Greek village. Happily they had arrived on market day.

>Unhappily the market seemed to have only one main product.<br>"

Fish?" Said Xena. " All of them?"

>" Euugh." Replied Gabrielle holding her nose.<br>" I like fish."

Added Joxer.

>They looked at him.<br>" What?"

><br>A while later Joxer had found a stall that didn't sell watery food products.

>" Hey this looks cool." He said chattily to the stall holder. The man only grunted in reply. <br>A younger man emerged from a crate behind the stall and grinned at Joxer. His long limbs moving slinkily towards the young warrior.

> He was tall, skinny with olive skin and jet black hair. Even with his slight build he seemed to fill the space around him with his aura.<br>How peculiar, thought Joxer. Feeling confused he quickly shook his head. Grinning back the young man introduced himself.

>The stranger smiled a little shyly at Joxer.<br>" Welcome Joxer, my name is Attica. I did not think you were from around here. For a start you don't smell of fish."

>" Yeah." Laughed Joxer. " What's that all about?"<br>" Well it's not hard to work out." Grinned Attica looking around him.

>What deep round eyes as though you could swim in those ...thought Joxer. What? Stop that right now! He scolded himself. What on earth was THAT about.<br>" Joxer?"

>" Oh yeah, well obviously your river is full of fish but, you must get sick of the stuff. I mean it's everywhere!"<br>" We have no choice, you get used to it but look." He pointed over to a stall to his right.

>They laughed.<br>" Now he has a roaring trade."

>" I'll bet." Snorted Joxer.<br>

>To their right the Stall holder of the breath freshner goods frowned.<br>He was a confused man. Tourists always laughed at him. He did trade well but why did they laugh?

>He was not a very bright man either, he had inherited this little money maker from his sister, who had left this town for the city. He walked around to the back of his stall and took out his drink. He had a little problem with the drink.<br>Just thinking about his sister made him jittery. He sat down in front of the stall again in his old leather chair that creaked and let out a cloud of dust whenever anyone sat on it.

>Oooh she thought she was so clever. He thought. Grinding his teeth. Making fun of me, laughing at my mistakes. He shook his fist at the sky.<br>Two children who wanted to buy some mints ran away.

>He glared at them.<br>

>" Hey!" <br>The fresh breath stall holder looked up at two grinning women. The one who had spoken was a small blond and next to her stood a tall woman in black carrying a baby.

>" What?" He said in his most charming voice.<br>" We need mouth freshners oh and some nose clips." Said the little muscular woman.

>" Nose clips? Tourists I suppose?" Grunted the fat sweaty man. And heaved himself out of his chair. He was quite big, even Xena stepped back.<br>" He shuffled around his stall, stumbling a bit, and grabbed a couple of bottles.

>" Mouth freshners." He shoved them at Gabrielle.<br>She looked at

Xena and tried not to laugh. Xena, slit her eyes at the man while a corner of her lip rose upwards in disaprovement.  
>" Nose clips." He shoved a bundle towards them.<br>"Uoff." Gabrielle looked up at Xena in alarm and amusement.  
>" Hey watch it." Warned Xena.<br>The man burped.  
>" Pah ha ha." Giggled Gabby.<br>  
>" Hey Gabby, hey you kind of get used to the smell here don't you?" Said Joxer cheerfully.<br>" Joxer I will never get used to this smell!" Exclaimed Gabrielle. She popped a mouth freshening mint into her mouth.  
>" Whose your friend?" She pointed to the man walking up to them. " I saw you talking to him earlier. You seemed to be getting on very well." She frowned when she recalled how the man had put his arms around Joxer and how Joxer had responded in kind.<br>Even though they had been laughing and joking and were only being friendly she thought it seemed. . .strange.  
><br>  
>To be continued...<br>

End  
file.